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SEPTEMBER, 1950

The Liberalist

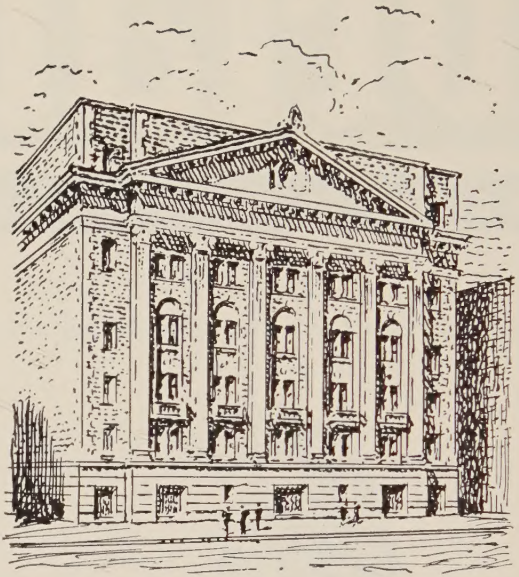
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Worth Keeping

Never a day but has some pleasure,
Something to gather, something treasure,
Never a day but we shall find us
Something to keep, or leave behind us.
The road has stone, the field has stubble,
And there are trials, there is trouble,
But always there is something waving
Above the weeds that seems worth saving.

Never a day not something giving
That made that day well worth the living,
Never a day but day's last ember
Will leave us something to remember.
Oh, learn to reap the good you find you,
And learn to leave the rest behind you,
And lay you down to quiet sleeping,
Keeping the things that seem worth keeping.

—Douglas Malloch



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII | ***September, 1950*** | *Number 6*

OPENING SUNDAY
39th SEASON

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Sunday, September 17, 1950

11:00 A.M.

Broadcast WJJD

* * *

Sunday School Resumed

9:30 a.m., Sept. 17

Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent

* * *

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

29th Season

Auditions, Sept. 17th, 3 p.m.

869 N. Dearborn, MIchigan 2-3105

FAITH IS POWER

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
The Peoples Church of Chicago
March 5, 1950

IT is perfectly natural and quite logical that there should be an emphasis upon religious truth and the principles which undergird religious living during the Lenten season. It was not very long ago that many Protestant churches of all denominations refused to give any special emphasis during the Lenten season, because of its long and historic association with the Catholic position. Only in the last few years have most of the Protestant communions followed the traditions of the Catholic emphasis in this matter of increasing the importance of the Lenten season in deepening the spiritual culture and the moral values of life until now there isn't a branch that I know of in the Christian tradition that doesn't utilize this Lenten period as an opportunity of emphasizing the importance of spiritual matters. This is not only true in the Protestant communions which follow the more orthodox interpretation of theology or who have the attitude toward religion that we usually think of as the orthodox tradition; it is also true of the more liberal churches of America and the great liberal voices of America and the great modernist churches of America. Everywhere that I know of, wherever the word religion is used as a part of the organizational activity in the development of character and the emphasis of spiritual truth, they are now centering their attention at the Lenten season upon the great fundamentals of soul culture. Therefore I felt that our Peoples Church here in Chicago, which is in the Liberal tradition and I hope will always remain in the Liberal tradition at its best and at its highest, should emphasize during the Lenten season, not theological controversy—I am not interested in theological controversy. We have had conspicuous examples through the centuries of the inevitable tragedies which have resulted from theological controversies. One of the tragedies, I think, which stares at us with increasing tragic consequences from every page of human history is the tragedy that the great Christian tradition, with the ethics and the morality and the spirit and the beauty which Christ gave to humanity, and particularly the solution of the problems which Christ had for humanity, have been disputed, twisted, misinterpreted, mis-emphasized, until under theology and mere theological routine of controversy, we have taken out of Christianity the spirit of Christ, which is the very essence of Christian activity, and where the truth should be applied to the affairs of men, and up and down the whole area of human society, we have ended in dissipation of energy, in attack and controversy and criticism.

I do not think that the purest mind, which has such a clear conception of the principle of the Christ application to the needs of man and to society, can help but stand, in the presence of this tragedy saddened and chastened in spirit. If Christianity had spent half the time and money and energy in bringing to the problems of man and the society which man has created, the principles of Christ, and applied those principles in their simplicity and in their efficacy, what a different world we would be in today. No one can impute or deny the moral rectitude of the

solution of Christ for the problems of man, either as an individual or in society. The solution is there. I do not think that any first rate mind could possibly seriously so analyze the moral and ethical rectitude of the thinking of Christ and the application of that thinking as to say He is wrong. I would challenge anyone to deny that by the application of the Christ principles the economic disorder of our present world, and the industrial confusion could be so revolutionized as to integrate our economic society until the man and the dollar and life can be synchronized into a productivity which would surpass any achievement of yesterday and prophesy almost unimaginable opportunities for tomorrow.

In any problem of the individual, any problem of your life or of my life, no matter what it is, no matter how complicated it is, no matter how we might feel an utter incapacity to grasp the whole significance of a problem, or a situation, I challenge the most carefully trained psychologist or psychiatrist, the one in the realm of social relations and the other in the realm of individual development; I challenge any of them to meet any problem, either a problem of personality as it deals in individual behaviorism or of society as it touches the social forces of which we are all a part; I challenge any of them to show me one single condition or experience in your life or in the life of society, that this teacher, this prophet, this poet, this Galilean, this Christ does not have a solution for, and the solution will not be a solution based upon history; it will not be a solution based upon mental incompetency or illiteracy; it will not be a solution based upon emotion; it will be based upon an integrated, carefully synchronized understanding of the problem that will remain unimpeachable.

Now if this generality of mine which I have stated as a possibility of the mind and spirit of Christ to touch the individual problem and social problem of man is an accurate one, then in the midst of the confusion of the individual and in the midst of the chaos of the society of which the individual is a part, what is the matter? Here you have this great, unsurpassed expert in analysis and diagnosis of the human soul and the individual problems and the social difficulties. Take him away from the imprisonment of the creeds; take him away from the crystallization of story; away from all the impulses and all the ceremonies and the ecclesiasticism which has grown up about him in almost every branch everywhere of organizational Christianity; take him away from all that, beautiful as it is, symbolical as it is, comforting as it is, necessary as it is to a great many people; but take him away from all that, from all this externalization of the centuries, this aloofness, this designating him as something so fragile and cherished that he does not belong in the bivouac of the human heart and in the social tragedy of injustice and wrong; and there he stands the perfect embodiment of man's highest hope, the perfect example of society's fondest dreams; and yet twenty centuries have passed and the hope of man for peace is in a hydrogen bomb, and the peace of man is found in the philosophy of power.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, if I have made anything which approximates a proper appraisal and evaluation of the character, the mentality, the spiritual sublimity, the universal application of this Christ to the ills of men and society, why, then, the modern tragedy of incompetency and in-efficiency? Why, in spite of six hundred million Christians in the world today—six

hundred million follow this Christ—yet the unchrist-likeness of the whole modern world is before us. What is the matter? What is the difficulty? Therefore, at the very beginning of our consideration of some of the great Lenten truths that have to do with the spiritual rehabilitation of man, I want to think for a little while of one aspect. One thing which I think has stood in the way has been a disintegration of an intelligent faith in the power of Christ to accomplish the purposes of Christ. Man has felt a gradual lessening of that faith. He has thought the words were beautiful, the ideals were perfect, the ethics were unimpeachable. No one in his right senses could possibly criticize Christ as being immoral. His most bitter enemies recognized his moral sublimity. I do not find people who are pointing their finger of scorn, whether they are outside of the church or not, at this spirit of perfection and love. That is not the attitude at all of people. The attitude is one of great respect, even from the most materialistically minded person; even from the man who might call himself an atheist and deny anything that has to do with any supernatural manifestation of spiritual power; even from the man whose mental processes are so controlled by the barren shallowness of mere logic, and who refuses to listen to the mandates of the heart, and is wholly conditioned by the activities of the mind; even from one who can never rise to the sublime heights of Pascal, who could say out of the experience of his transcendent life, "The heart hath reasons which the mind doth not know."

There are those who have dignified intellectuality and rationalization to the point that the heart is speechless and is not vocative at all. The heart they are suspicious of, and anything which cannot bear the affirmation of great technical, scientific thinking or materialistic development in the area of experimentation and verification based upon the intellectualization and rationalization of life they have no use for whatever, yet even those who have been fortified by the solidity of their intellectuality have a reverence and awe in the temple of the Divine. There is deep in the human consciousness something which responds to the eternal. There is a concept of the eternal which is as native to the human mind as breathing or eating. It is just as much a part of the human equipment as any other necessary thing connected with the physical. It is there; and even they stand before the presence of the eternal with a sense of awe and a sense of mystery. That primitive sense of mystery is the beginning of a concept of reality. That always precedes reality. That is as much a part of the physical cosmos as any other component part of the structure itself.

Now we have come to that era in the development of our civilization, in the fragility of our international relations, in the remarkable and unprecedented capacity of the mind of man to assemble from an already created universe components that were unknown to the creator perhaps in the creation, and may have been never designed or in the pattern of the eternal mind for the uses to which the mind of man is able to make combinations, particularly of earth's elemental structure, so that it can get hold of a hydrogen atom and can do something with that in combination with others, until a structure wholly without sidereal creative identity is produced, and man comes out of his laboratory with something that God almighty never dreamed of; and that, to a great many people, is a startling fact; but

it is true. It permeates the realm of the physical universe and the mind of man in that sense shares the creative faculty of the eternal; or, it is possible —and this reasoning, I hope, is not too difficult for you to follow, because it is very essential to my conclusion, that it is possible for the mind of man, through experimentation, to take from the cosmos elemental units that are constitutionally a part of the cosmos itself, and by rare combinations of those elements, not create new laws, but create a new response, and man is now in the business of creating a new response to already existing realities and particles which, when in combination as only the scientist can fathom, will get results of such tremendous importance that God himself must be mystified.

I wish that some of you would think more clearly and carefully through that idea which I have just thrown out. Now, when man arrives at such a place in his development and in his evolution where that can happen, it is the only uniqueness of this hour. There is nothing unique about Communism; there is nothing unique about Fascism, and there is nothing unique about Democracy. For more than 2600 years these various ideologies have been at work in the mind of man. Communism is not new, its philosophy is not new, its undergirding is not new. Fascism is not new, if you know the history of the Gracchi you know the history of a Fascist movement that antedated Musollini. These ideologies are not new. Not a single new ideological factor in any of them. We treat them as though they were. They are not. The thing that is new about this age and period is that for the first time man hasn't time to wait for the evolutionary processes that might ultimately bring him to the highest expression of personality development and of social righteousness he has ever known. That time is inevitable. If we had time there would be no doubt about that, but now there isn't time. The time element is the uniqueness. I don't know how much time there is. I don't think over a quarter of a century; probably not over a half century at the outside, but that's all the time that we have; and because of the immediacy of that truth, people are now beginning as never before, to think about the basic spiritual values. That's why you get the secular press interested in this great problem of faith as never in its history.

When, in your lifetime or mine, except in the last few years, have you seen the great metropolitan press of a city like the City of Chicago, for instance, upon its front pages present, in one instance as it is being done by the Chicago Herald-American, under the stimulation of one who decided it was the hour for a great classic, the book "The Imitation of Christ;" and some of the other papers, like the Sun-Times, is taking up Dr. Poling's great book, "Faith Is Power," and you are reading those remarkable experiences which Dr. Poling, in the great diversity of his life, is able to give us. Not experiences in theology, not experiences in credal loyalty, not experience in interpretation of this and that, but the brutal, tragic experiences of life, and of people who have found the possibility of reconstruction and reorientation of life when they have developed a great and fundamental faith in the reality of eternal good. That is the final analysis of it all. And to think that our Daily News, a great metropolitan newspaper, is telling the story of Fulton Oursler in the greatest story ever told. But I think it is more significant, deeply significant, that there was a conception of what a classic we had in Thomas a Kempis' "The Imita-

tion of Christ," which is staring at five millions of people every day—"The Imitation of Christ," from the front page of the Chicago Herald and American—that classic, read more than any other book in the world except the Bible. More people know "The Imitation of Christ" and have read it, than any other book in the world—"The Imitation of Christ," a religious classic. Alongside of a brutal murder or a great tragedy, "The Imitation of Christ." That to me is emblematic. That is a manifestation of turmoil, defeatism, frustration, disintegration, collapse, dissipated energy on one side, and right next to it, the spiritual rehabilitation of Thomas a Kempis. Now what is the only bridge that will matter then? It is the bridge of faith.

There isn't a person in the congregation that doesn't have faith. Faith is a universal attribute. I could go to every person here, and every person listening, and you would reveal to me that you have faith. It is a general attribute. There is nothing unique or distinct about it. You couldn't live without it, or leave this church without it this morning. Every individual has faith. The next question is, faith in what? You have faith in what. It is the object of your faith that is the problem. Look at the statesmen of the world today; they have faith in what? Faith in war. You can use faith as a spade to dig your own grave. Faith is universal. It is everywhere. Look at the faith of the scientist. Perfectly natural and legitimate faith, but he has faith in the scientific processes. That's his faith. The faith in man or in woman. What would you have left of love in the world if faith in each other died? The very heart of marital happiness is the husband's faith in his wife and the wife's faith in her husband. What would you do with friendship if you were constantly suspicious that the one you called friend was living in such a relationship to you and to life that you could not have faith in that friendship? It would collapse. You can't live life without faith. You have to have faith in something. Faith in some one. Faith in an institution; faith in a personality. You cannot live without faith, and that being true, and I think I have said sufficient to convince the most skeptical that it is;—if that's true, isn't the beginning of spiritual fidelity and moral beauty and intellectual rectitude and everything that makes for the integration of life based upon the object of your faith? You find something that will command your faith, and you will find, if it is constructive and creative, your whole life will change. That's the secret of faith in God. That's why when a person has faith in God, their life changes. You cannot have faith in God and not have a changed life. It is impossible. For faith is creative. Faith has the faculty of creating for you the objective of your faith, and you cannot have a great faith in the elemental, superb values of life, faith in goodness, faith in truth, faith in beauty, faith in love, faith in the heart of a friend, faith in your country, faith in your God, you cannot have faith, let me emphasize, without creating in your own life the quality and characteristics of the thing you have faith in.

Would you be Godlike, deepen your faith in the eternal. Would you have health, deepen your faith in the practice of health and life-giving principles. Would you have friends, create an exaltation of the beauty of friendship. Would you be loved, honor with obedience the mandates of love. Would you be triumphantly alert and alive and vibrant in the world, have faith in the fundamental spirit of God as outlined in the ideals of Christ and

it will change every life into one of beauty and one of power. Yes, faith is power! Don't try to live without it!

"A Prayer Learnt From Flowers and Stars"

Lord God of our life, we would fain have our devotion to thee as effortless as the lift of a sea wave and as passionate as the flight of stars.

If we were our best selves it would be so, always so. We long for that sublime naturalness in our faith and love to God. We are shamed when it is otherwise. Shall a dove make difficult with its wings or decry them or forget them? And art not thou more to us in sweetness, wholeness, necessity than all besides? Our wings need not weary, being of thee and bearing us toward thee.

Hold us, O Mightiest Help, that we take thee as the lily the wave on which it blooms. We must gather white and gold from thee as the lily from the sun, and because it effortlessly does this, it flowers out a wonder and a joy.

Direct our flowering out of life that it be as effortless as the falling of the dark and as fragrant as the incense at the altar of God. Amen.

THE FRIEND WHO JUST STANDS BY

When troubles come your soul to try
You love the friend who just "stands by."
Perhaps there's nothing he can do—
The thing is strictly up to you,
For there are troubles all your own,
And paths the soul must tread alone,
And times when love can't smooth the road,
Nor friendship lift the heavy load.

But just to feel you have a friend
Who will "stand by" unto the end,
Whose sympathy through all endures,
Whose warm handclasp is always yours—
It helps someway to pull you through,
Although there's nothing he can do.
And so with fervent heart you cry
"God bless the friend who just 'stands by!'"

B. Y. Williams.

MEDITATION

We are grateful, infinite and eternal spirit of love, for these precious moments in which all of the externals of life, the noise, the confusion, and the hectic activity which surrounds us so much, can be alienated from us and we can have a moment of refreshment, of rest and of peace; just a quiet place of refuge, where our souls can be enlightened and illumined by the eternal and the divine.

We cannot understand all the problems; we cannot fathom all the difficulty. We cannot bear for others the sorrows and the heartaches of life, but oh, infinite messenger of love and of life, find a way to every restless heart; to everyone who is disillusioned, suffering the gnawing, hauting pangs of remorse and sorrow, and to all who have lost their grip upon life, and all for whom things are going badly until everything seems all jumbled into a hodgepodge and will not straighten out.

Eternal spirit of rectitude and of symetry, step in across the threshold of such lives; straighten things out today for thousands of people everywhere. Bring back the zest, the enthusiasm, the dynamic of life. Coronate upon every brow the diadem of a renewed faith, that the constructive, creative attitude toward life might supercede the critical, destructive, cynical atmosphere of so many lives, so they can say: "I take up again and go on. I take a deep breath. My shoulders are back. My chin is up. I will meet life with victory."

Might that be the experience of many today. Peace to troubled hearts! Quiet to grieving souls! Health to weakened bodies! Life and more life from our prayer, to everyone, everywhere!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

(Opening Sunday Morning Service and opening of Sunday School, Sunday morning, September 17. Until that date, Dr. Bradley is heard every Sunday morning at 11 a.m. (by electrical transcription) in a 15-minute sermonette over WJJD.)

Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

(From November to Easter)

Woman's Club—Re-opens in September. For information write or phone Miss Cornelia S. Hartshorn, Corr. Sec., 2127 W. 107th St. (43), BEverly 8-7038.

Professional and Business Woman's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Roxanna Martens, 1340 Bryn Mawr Ave. (40), RAvenswood 8-4212

Men's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Harold Hansen, Sec., 2218 Carmen Ave. (25), EDgewater 4-5998

The Uptown Players—Studios, 869 N. Dearborn, MIchigan 2-3105

Opening Fall Season with Auditions on Sunday afternoon, September 17th

Drama Teas, first Sunday, Anderson Hall.....4:00 p.m.

Plays, three performances each month at

Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.

Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee, 3:00 p.m.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)

1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.. 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

MY CHURCH

BEFORE I was born MY CHURCH gave to my parents ideals of life and love that made my home a place of strength and beauty.

In helpless infancy MY CHURCH joined my parents in consecrating me to Christ and in baptizing me in His name.

MY CHURCH enriched my childhood with the Romance and Religion and the lessons of life that have been woven into the texture of my soul. Sometimes I seem to have forgotten and then, when else I might surrender to foolish and futile ideals of life, the truths MY CHURCH taught become radiant, insistent, and inescapable.

In the stress and storm of adolescence MY CHURCH heard the surge of my soul and She guided my footsteps by lifting my eyes toward the stars.

When first my heart knew the strange awakenings of love MY CHURCH taught me to chasten and spiritualize my affections; She sanctified my marriage and blessed my home.

When my heart was seamed with sorrow, and I thought the sun could never shine again, MY CHURCH drew me to the Friend of all the Weary and whispered to me the hope of another morning, eternal and tearless.

When my steps have slipped and I have known the bitterness of sin, MY CHURCH has believed in me and wooingly She has called me back to live within the heights of myself.

Now have come the children dearer to me than life itself and MY CHURCH is helping me to train them for all joyous and clean and Christly living.

MY CHURCH calls me to Her heart. She asks my service and my loyalty. She has a right to ask it! I will help her to do for others what She has done for me. In this place in which I live, I will help Her keep aflame and aloft the torch of a living faith.

William Henry Boddy, D.D.

WHAT IS MAN?

By JOHN H. LAMY

WE sat one evening, a friend and I,
Beside a lake 'neath the trees and sky;
We spoke of Nature's unfolding plan,
Then voiced the query, Just what is man?

Is he mere creature of flesh and breath,
Mere child of Nature, and slave of death?
Or is he greater than tree or stone,
Sublime and deathless when breath has flown?

Is he but intellect clothed in flesh,
Mere mind to reason old truths afresh?
When thought has ended, is he no more?
Has death's dark river no farther shore?

Is he but spirit in earthly guise,
Existing only for Paradise?
Has he no kinship with things of earth,
This queenly planet which gave him birth?

Ah! Friend, we wonder just what is man,
But man has wondered since time began.
Well may we ponder this question old,
For man is greater than mind has told.

And yet, it matters not what we be,
But to our mission, how true are we?
For He who made us and called us Man
Gave each a place in a wondrous plan.

—The Singing Quill

THANK YOU

To all the friends who remembered me so kindly on my birthday, I take this means of expressing my gratitude, my pleasure and delight in your remembrance of me. I thank you more than I can possibly express, and may God bless you, every one.

Preston Bradley.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THE other day, in a magazine of national circulation, there was a comment which started off quoting from an article entitled "A better remedy than Communism for the unhappiness of the times." I am going to read the article to you first. It is not very long. Here it is:

"We live in an unhappy age. This is apparent on every side. Literature is full of unhappiness. Our most thoughtful novelists are gloomy. Our representative poets sing in a minor strain. Our deepest philosophers confess the mystery of life; the insoluble character of its problems. Art, too, is melancholy. What pictures rivet the modern gaze like those full of sadness and pathos. What strains rivet the modern ear like those full of mystery and unrest. Life is unhappy. The capitalist is insecure in his possessions. The laborer is discontended with his condition. Professional life abounds in disappointments and heartburnings. The spirit of the time is one of sadness. We are continually advancing in culture and material improvements, but is there any advance commensurate in the art of happy living? No, if anything, there is probably a decline in this respect. No century perhaps is more characterized by unhappiness than this."

Now, you have heard the article. I know that as I have been reading it to you, each of you has said: "What an accurate description of these days. What a perfect portrayal of the age in which we live. How deeply the writer must have known our character and the quality of our present day living. How applicable it all is, and what a vivid, faithful picture of our day and of these times." Well, now, I am going to give you a surprise, for the quotation I have just read was published in a magazine called "The New Englander," in January, 1879—January, 1879!

The air is filled today with the voices of prophets of doom and disaster. That there is a justification for some of the prophecy and some of the seriousness of the situation, none can deny, but my position is and always has been—and the older I get and the more experience I have with life

the more convinced I am in that position—that criticsm and attack and emphasizing distaster and doom does not help the situation. There are problems and they are tremendously important. There are trends in the modern world which are frightening, but that is a far different matter than accepting the idea that we are doomed to failure, defeat and destruction. I believe there is something that can be done about it. Something which you can do, something which I can do.

Here is something which came to my attention the other day. "There was a man who lived by the side of the road and he sold hot dogs. He was hard of hearing, so he had no radio. He had trouble with his eyes, so he read no papers, but he sold good hot dogs. He put signs up on the highway, telling how good they were. He stood on the side of the road and cried "Hot dog, mister;—buy a hot dog." People bought. He increased his meat and bun orders. He bought a bigger stove to take care of his trade. He finally got his son home from college to help him. But then something happened. His son said, "Father, haven't you been listening to the radio? Haven't you been reading the newspapers? There's a big depression on. The European situation is terrible. The domestic situation is worse. Everything is going to pot." Whereupon the father thought, "Well, my son's been to college, he reads the newspapers, listens to the radio, and he ought to know." So the father cut down on his meat and bun orders, took down his advertising signs and no longer bothered to stand out on the highway to sell hot dogs, and his hot dog sales fell almost over night. "You are right, son," the father said to the boy, "we are in the midst of a great depression."

You see what I mean by saying there is something you can do and I can do? People every day say to me, "Well, what can I do with this situation, and with that situation?" I don't like bromides and I try not to use them, and I know this may sound bromidic, but we hear from all quarters, "What America needs;—" "What America needs." Almost everyone you listen to, almost every magazine or book you take up says "What America needs;—" Everybody seems to know what America needs. Everyone has an idea about what we need. You will pardon the bromidic approach if I, too, say what I think America needs.

I think America needs to change her whole psychology, which means change our attitudes toward whatever is happening to ourselves and to the world. It's a matter of attitude toward the problem. Toward your personal problem, and my personal problem. What should be our attitude toward the problem? If we have the right attitude, no matter what the problem is, it can be solved.

Now what should be our attitude toward the whole American situation, politically, in education, in religion, government, business, labor? Well, if we have the attitude that we are caught by something called fate or destiny and there is nothing that can be done, we are beaten before we start, but if we change our attitude, to one of confidence that we can meet these problems and difficulties, depression and labor difficulties, agricultural problems, problems in education, in religion and in government, you will see what will happen. A renewal of confidence in one's own ability to face up to a situation is the first step in the solution. That is true with an individual, it is just as true with a nation. A regular wave of confidence and faith in the fundamentals of this nation, in its ideals and its objectives for itself and the world would sweep aside many of

the difficulties which today seem so disastrous and so final. Remember, Mussolini and Fascism couldn't win and couldn't whip us. Remember that Mussolini and Hitler with Fascism and Nazism couldn't win and couldn't whip us; that Hitler and Mussolini and Japan couldn't whip us, neither could a combination which would include the unworkable Communism whip us. We *can* be defeated all right, but it won't be by any power outside of this country, or any combination of nations. If America is licked, it will take Americans to do it. We *can* whip ourselves; that is possible, by a lack of faith in ourselves.

I recognize the seriousness of every problem before us. I recognize the incompetency and mediocrity of much of our leadership in every area of life. I recognize the lack of courage which a great many people have. I recognize all the difficulties that are everywhere, but I also recognize something else, and that is: we have a great destiny before us. We are the most potential, creative nation on this earth, with the highest standard of living. We have the greatest opportunity for the development of the mind and heart, and to think we cannot solve our problems is to belittle our own progenitors and to be unworthy of those who laid the foundations of our country.

I like these verses from John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Steady Gain of Man:"

Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

* * *

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold;
Slaves rise up men; the olive waves,
With roots deep set in battle graves!
Through the harsh voices of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

BAZAAR!!!

Yes, Bazaar, with three exclamation points after it! That's just the way it affected me when I thought of it. Yet we always think of it in September—in The Liberalist, I mean. The point is, the real women workers of the church have been thinking of it ever since the last Bazaar, back in late November of '49. They went right to work appointing a chairman of the 1950 Bazaar. They assigned the various booths to efficient workers.

Materials were bought, work doled out and all summer long the women of the church have been meeting together making the pillow cases, the cushions, the aprons, the dish towels, the fancy goods that all of us are going to buy and use next year.

Each year we think, "Oh, my! the Bazaar again!" Then we go right to work and plan for it. Just the way a housekeeper plans for her meals, her laundry work, her spring cleaning, and her regular shopping for the household. For the Bazaar is a regular part of the routine housekeeping of The Peoples Church. The Bazaar helps support the Church and the Church work. It's a part of the Church income, and the Church can't go on functioning without income any more than your household can.

The Bazaar is one way in which every member and friend of the church who really believes in its work, its inspiration, its definite part in maintaining the spiritual vitality of the hundreds of lives it reaches, can help the church to function.

The Church's Influence

Many people on seeing the Sunday morning audience at a church service, or attending the great Sunday evening overflow service, have remarked on the size of the membership of The Peoples

Church. But the truth is far greater than that, for the unnumbered listeners over the air have yet to be taken into account. Only the radio mail gives some slight inkling of the farthermost walls of The Peoples Church of Chicago.

There is need, then, of The Peoples Church Bazaar, to continue to spread the voice of Liberalism, of inspiration, of courage for living—the kind of help that for 38 years of constant service has been going out to thousands of people all over the land, from the mind and heart and soul of Dr. Bradley. The inspiration comes from above. The medium through which it is transmitted is Dr. Bradley and The Peoples Church. And what and who is The Peoples Church? The Peoples Church is you, and you, and you—all those who have helped and are helping and will help to build it.

What Can You Do?

Let us all begin to think then, of what we will do to help this Bazaar to be the great success it must be. What can you do?

You can join one of the organizations of the church and ask to be given something definite to do for the Bazaar. You do not even have to join an organization. Just ask them for work to do for the Bazaar.

Ask the Woman's Club, which meets in the daytime.

Ask the Professional and Business Woman's Club which meets in the evening.

Ask the Men's Club, meeting in the evening.

Ask the Uptown Players—the Choir—the Young People's Club—ask the Ushers. They all help. Ask the Church Office. Just offer to help and you will receive suggestions.

Perhaps you do not even need a suggestion. Possibly you know better than anyone else what you can do. Can you sew? Can you put up extra fruit this fall for the Bazaar? Do you make good candy? Can you make a money contribution? Are you in a business which can donate something salable? Let us start the ball rolling now!

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Fall Luncheon

The Opening Luncheon of The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church will be held at 12:30 on September 26th, at Kungsholm (Ontario Street at Rush), in the Opera Terrace Room.

Dr. Preston Bradley will be guest speaker.

Guest artists will be The Sheil Vocal Ensemble, consisting of Georgene Carlini, Soprano, Eunice Dankowski, Mezzo-Soprano, Thomas Collins, Tenor, and Ulysses Carlini, Bass-Baritone, with Dolores Slawin, Accompanist.

Members and friends of the club are requested to make reservations early with the church office (Longbeach 1-6878).

The opening fall luncheon is always an opportunity for a pleasant reunion with old friends and to meet new ones. The Kungsholm is famous for its hospitality and the high quality of its food and service. Price of luncheon, $2.75.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Opening Drama Tea of The Uptown Players will be given in Anderson Hall, Sunday, October 1st, at 4 p.m. They will present J. Bradley-Griffin, in his recital version of "Come Back, Little Sheba."

MAKE A LIFE

IN 1923 a group of the world's most successful financiers and leaders in business and industry were present at a meeting held in a large hotel here in the City of Chicago. I remember the occasion well. I remember the amount of publicity which each one received. I remember the emphasis and stress which was laid upon the significance of the meeting. I remember how important each person was in that almost unprecedented conference. If you were to have looked in upon them then you would have said: "Here is the security and safety of our nation, from a material point of view. Here is a group which could maintain our economic stability and industrial sanity." I am going to give you the names of the positions which these men held at this conference upon which were the eyes of the entire nation.

The President of the largest independent steel company; the president of the largest utility company; the greatest wheat speculator; the president of the New York stock exchange; a member of the President's cabinet; the greatest Bear in Wall Street; the president of the bank of international settlements and a member of the world's greatest monopoly.

Think of it. Collectively, these men at that time controlled more wealth than there was in the United States Treasury, and for years newspapers and magazines had been printing their success stories and urging youth to follow their examples. We were holding up to the youth of the nation success in terms of financial power and security.

I have just told you the positions which these men held. Now I am going to tell you their names, and I am also going to give you their destiny. It was very disturbing and somewhat shocking to me when I learned what had happened to these men. It will be to you.

The President of the largest independent steel company was Mr. Charles Schwab, and, the last five years of his life, he lived on borrowed money and died practically penniless.

The wheat speculator I mentioned a moment ago was Mr. Arthur Cutten, who died abroad and, tragically enough, died insolvent.

The stock exchange president was Mr. Richard Whitney, and the memory of the tragedy of his life is still fresh in our minds. It was not too long ago he was released from Sing Sing Prison.

The member of the President's cabinet was a man who had been a United States Senator as well, Mr. Albert Fall, and we still recall the tragic days of the Teapot Dome, the trial of Mr. Fall, and the fact that as an old man he was pardoned from prison so he could die at home.

The Wall Street Bear who was such a power in his day, was Jesse Livermore, and Jesse Livermore couldn't stand life. He committed suicide.

And the bank president who was president of the World Bank, Leon Fraser, was also a suicide.

And the member of the world's greatest monopoly was a man by the name of Iver Kreuger, and Iver Kreuger found success so much of a failure that he, too, committed suicide and the dramatic details of that death from a plane over the sea, will live on in the annals of tragedy.

Why do we recall these men and their fate tonight? Simply because each one of them had learned how to make money, but not one of them had

learned how to live. They could make money and achieve powerful positions of influence and control, but not one of them learned how to make a life.

I don't want to be misunderstood. I don't speak disparagingly of people acquiring, through labor and ability, a backlog of security in life. I am not encouraging indolence or laziness, and above all, dependency. Five people out of every seven after the age of 65 are dependents in America. And it is almost intolerable sorrow to see people who have reached many, many years of life, who are dependent upon relatives or friends or institutions for the barren necessities of existence. That is tragedy. Frugality is a great virtue. I believe in the honestly earned dollar. I believe in the justice of compensation for work performed. I believe in an unrestricted opportunity for every man and woman to make a living and to be able to put by for that haunting rainy day something which may carry them over a serious time in life. Of course I believe in unrestricted personal initiative and something which we call free enterprise, but we should never forget that the most important thing in all this world is that, while we are building and working and saving, we must not do it at the cost of missing the more beautiful things of life. While we make a living, let us also make a life! Let us not make a success of one side of life and a complete failure of the other side.

Edwin Markham wrote the following lines:

> We are all blind until we see
> That in the human plan
> Nothing is worth the making if
> It does not make the man.
>
> Why build these cities glorious
> If man unbuilded goes?
> In vain we build the world, unless
> The builder also grows.

Myself

"I have to live with myself, and so
I want to be fit for myself to know;
Always to look myself straight in the eye.
I don't want to stand, with the setting sun
And hate myself for the things I've done.
I want to go out with my head erect;
I want to deserve all men's respect;
But here in the struggle for fame and pelf
I want to be able to like myself.
I don't want to look at myself and know
That I'm bluster and bluff and empty show.
I never can fool myself, and so
Whatever happens I want to be
Self-respecting and conscience-free."

BOOK CHATS

IN this month in which we resume our services at the beginning of my 39th year with The Peoples Church of Chicago, I have chosen to bring to your attention a little book of 94 pages, published by The Antioch Press. The title, "What Do Religious Liberals Believe?" by Waldemar Argow.

John Haynes Holmes of New York City, says of the book, "Liberals in this country, of all faiths, should read this book for their own great profit and delight." And Harry A. Overstreet, author of "The Mature Mind," says of it:

"As fine a job as I know of in rescuing liberal religion from its nebulosity. The whole presentation is refreshingly lucid and forthright. The book ought to be of immense value in clarifying the religious issues for thousands of fine minds that are now caught in the confusions of Christian traditionalism."

Rev. Waldemar Argow, the author, is minister of The Peoples Church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and previously served as minister of several Unitarian churches in New England. The son of Dr. W. Waldemar W. Argow, minister of the historic Unitarian Church of Baltimore, Mr. Argow is a graduate of Proctor Academy, Andover, N. H., received his A.B. from Antioch College and an S.T.B. degree from Harvard University.

His unusually varied background includes newspaper reporting, broadcasting his own weekly radio program, and several seasons of summer theatre work. He is a popular public speaker whose book lectures have attracted national attention and whose articles have appeared in a variety of general and professional magazines.

Mr. Argow is a prominent leader in the civic life of Cedar Rapids, and has served on the boards of more than a score of local and state organizations, including the Community Theatre, Art Association, County Red Cross Chapter, Optimists Club, U.S.O., and others. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of Antioch College and of the School of Religion at the University of Iowa.

Almost daily, and often more than once a day I am asked "What is Liberal Religion?" "What do religious liberals believe?" So naturally I was interested in the title of this book; in the fact that such a book was published, and was written by a very good friend of mine of long standing; one whose father and mother have been my friends for years.

Mr. Argow wrote the book because today's intelligent, inquiring men and women are asking: "Aren't there answers to the great, enduring questions of religion that make sense? that are reasonable and in harmony with modern science? that are free of superstition and dogma? Is there a religious position that rational modern man can accept without all sorts of intellectual reservations?"

Mr. Argow says there is such a position, and in this book he sets it forth in clear and forthright terms.

In "A Word to the Reader," Rev. Argow says he has made every effort to state as simply as possible the ideas presented, believing that most readers will want a brief summary rather than a more detailed discussion.

"So much of the religion which is

familiar to us," he continues, "is like a mountain peak enfolded by vast, mysterious clouds of theology, doctrine and dogma. On the occasions when the fog lifts temporarily, one is surprised at how clear and unmysterious the view may be." Rev. Argow attempts to deal with mountain realities—the rock that lies beneath the fog.

The publishers tell us that religion need not go back down a dark road to the Middle Ages; that here is a free religious faith for Atomic Age living; a welcome and positive contribution to contemporary religious thinking. Stripped of its supernatural elements, religion need not end up as a barren ritual, nor as a blind faith that ignores reality. It can still be a strong force for good in our daily lives.

The author has tried to answer as briefly and clearly as possible some of the enduring religious questions for those who are either looking for a more mature and reasonable religious point of view, or who, in discouragement, have given up the search. Many people, he thinks, have mistaken the collapse of orthodoxy for the last chapter in the story of religion, not realizing that there is a liberal religious position based upon reason (as science understands the term), in harmony with science and universal in scope, dedicated to the principle of the brotherhood of man and to the practical realization of that principle through the fulfilment of the One World ideal. He declares it is a fact shining with promise and possibilities that there is such a position which can satisfy both the spiritual hungers and the intellectual demands of the modern mind. He claims in this book only to be stating what a majority of religious liberals may be said to believe these troubled days.

There are seven chapters in this little book and my readers may get an idea of what the book covers by the chapter titles and some of their sub-titles. After a foreword, or "Word to the Reader," the first chapter is entitled "What is Liberal Religion?" II. "What Religious Liberals Believe About Prayer: Prayer Can Make Sense." III. "What Religious Liberals Believe About the Bible: That Wonderfully Human Book." IV. "What Religious Liberals Believe About Jesus: Jesus: the Man and the Legend." V. "What Religious Liberals Believe About God: Our Evolving God." VI. "What Religious Liberals Believe About Immortality: The Varieties of Immortality." VII. "What's the Matter With the Church Today?"

Mr. Argow claims that the glory and reason for being of liberal religion is that it differs drastically from the kind of program and attitude toward life and the universe offered by the majority of the churches of this country, and he sees no reason for disguising that fact. Here is no antiquarian concern for creeds, ritual and prescientific theology, but simply an honest, pragmatic effort by religious liberals to apply certain exalted and universally recognized principles in an attempt to improve themselves and their world before it is too late. For there is so little time in which to win our race between education and catastrophe. Liberal religion believes that truth is an emergent thing which grows clearer as man grows wiser, nobler and better informed. Because of their arbitrary presumptions, the great definitive creeds of early Christianity have small place in the philosophy of the liberal, for they say time stopped at this particular point, whereas the liberal holds the creeds are fumbling, childlike answers fashioned in a prescientific era. By contrast, the liberal prefers to give his allegiance to certain im-

mutable principles recognized by all ages and all good religions. "The brotherhood of man," "the perfectibility of man," "the superiority of reason to superstition and unreason," "the presence in the universe of certain undergirding laws of justice, goodness, mercy and love which cannot be broken without paying a penalty." These are principles, not dogmas or creeds. They will be the foundation, says Mr. Argow, for the coming universal religion of humanity, and by them the liberal takes his stand.

I am quoting rather freely and at length from the first chapter on "What is Liberal Religion." The author continues: "Hence the first of the virtues of liberal religion is freedom and the free mind principle. Because it does not claim to have found a final truth, it is more tolerant of the other world religions and welcomes them as equal partners on man's eternal pilgrimage. Thus the liberal includes as a part of his knowledge and faith the imperishable wisdom of Confucius, the counsels of moderation and meditation of the Buddha, and something of the beauty and discipline of Hinduism at its best. What a stupid thing to shut the doors of our churches to the insights, grandeur and inspiration of these other magnificent religions.

"Freedom to explore, to question, to accept what any valid authority establishes; freedom which is the basis of democracy and of all rational inquiry; which is the only way man gains a greater perception of the truth—this is the first plank in the platform of liberal religion." * * *

"The reason why some people feel that the religious liberal 'does not believe anything' centers in the fact that he has eliminated superstition and as much irrationalism and prejudice from his thinking as he humanly can. And when those elements are purged from many religious concepts there is not very much left." Says Mr. Argow, "This makes the liberals belief in God more reasonable and acceptable to the modern mind. If your belief in God does not make sense, if it cannot meet the test of honest, objective reasoning, then the liberal is not apt to think very much of it. . . . We immeasurably cheapen the whole magnificent concept of God when we think in terms worthy of a Zulu savage. Scientific reasoning does not destroy religion. It simply makes religion acceptable to intelligent, twentieth century man. And in a day when so many dark forces—not all of them outside the church!—are arraigned against reason, those on the other side of the battle lines will have to fight all the more valiantly."

It is very hard for me to resist quoting the entire chapter, but I hope I have given you a desire to read all of the book "What Do Religious Liberals Believe?" No Christian should miss it. No one who has lost faith in his early religious training should miss it. I hope every member of my church will read it, for many members and those who attend a liberal church but are not members are often asked the many questions which are answered in this book.

And now I jump to the final chapter of the book, "What's the Matter With the Church Today?" and quote from page 92:

"Desperately we need to be educated to the hazardous business of living in an atomic age. Many of our problems still spring from widespread ignorance. Race, as it is popularly understood, is a myth. Nationalism is not the glory of Fourth of July oratory, but a cancer eating away at world security.

Democracy is no American invention or monopoly, but a food—strangely flavored sometimes, to be sure—for

which millions hunger across the earth. World government is neither an impossible ideal, nor is it without precedent. Man is a creature of incredible resource, capable of solving even the modern dilemma, once he is challenged and motivated sufficiently.

"These are the great positive, promising truths of the atomic age. How urgently we need to learn them! Well, why can't the church be our teacher? Through sermons, forums, lectures and discussion groups, why can't it help get across these ideas to the people who most need to know them? . . . It is not enough to demonstrate to the mind that all men are brothers. We have to persuade the heart as well."

I hope you will get this little book, "What Do Religious Liberals Believe?" by Waldemar Argow. The Antioch Press. $1.50.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

MY neighbor to the south had said: "Miss Smalley, I'm going to be away all day. Please feel free to come over and lie on the rustic davenport in the yard, if you like." I should have "liked," for our yard boasted only two metal chairs, very straight backed indeed. Due to temporary indisposition, my companion, my Aunt with whom I have lived most of my life, was confined to the house for the day, and I was needed within. It was not until nearly five in the afternoon when I slipped out for a few minutes and stretched prone on the amply-cushioned rustic brown and green davenport in the neighbor's yard.

It was one of the heavenly days of this summer just right for idling in the yard—we haven't had too many of them. A clear blue sky, little white tufts of cloud here and there, and directly over my head the most beautiful maple tree I ever looked up into. It was shaped like a beautiful bouquet—a perfect chocolate drop, and seen from underneath, one looked into a maze of interlaced boughs and twigs, with the leaves all closely bunched at the outer edges, making a perfect giant parasol for shade.

A fat papa robin lit on a bough slightly to left of me and over my head, with part of a healthy looking worm dangling from either side of his bill. He looked at me with quiet suspicion, but as I remained quite motionless, he flitted above in three short jumps or soarings, arriving at the edge of a comfortable looking nest and immediately depositing the worm where it would do the most good for his young offspring. Then away again!

A helicopter, bound for the Elmhurst airport (for my summer-home back yard is in south Elmhurst) whirred past overhead, slowly and with steady dignity bringing the evening mail from Chicago. The mosquitoes, which have been quite frightful this summer, then arrived in goodly number to remind me that all is not necessarily peaceful even

on a rustic davenport. Oh, why must mosquitoes be? Or if they must be, then why was I born with thin and tender skin?

It was truly an inspiration which prompted us to find a home in the outskirts of Chicago for the summer. Tragedy struck the next day after our arrival, and the following day my Uncle passed on very suddenly after an operation. But the beauty of nature all around us, the benefit of our own and our neighbors' beautiful flower bordered lawns and yards, fruit trees and ripening fruit, but more than all these, birds and more birds and more birds using the three yards as private retreats, where they bathe and feed at will—all this has helped so much, oh, so much in the adjustments we must make, until it seems that surely we were divinely led in our choice of location this summer. We have been here now a little over six weeks, and our neighbors to north and south have made themselves very dear to us by their friendly interest and great neighborly kindnesses. It will not be easy to pull up stakes and once more enter the city's traffic.

I can't say that anything like a vacation started before the first week in August. July was filled with necessary details to be attended to. Let's see what went on today to fill in the summer hours! It was too cool and foggy to open the doors when I arose this morning. The getting of breakfast and some light housework filled the time till 11 o'clock. Then we sat in the big sun room which overlooks the very pleasant back yards, with creeping bent lawns, shrubbery and flower beds, fruit trees, a few blue spruce, a bird bath and many little winged visitors. I worked on the Liberalist till a late lunchtime.

One never knows what the next interruption will be in a housekeeper's life. This day it was the early and unexpected arrival of the laundry, which still stands unopened on a chair at a quarter of eight this evening. Shopping for Sunday came next, and the peaches I bought, though beautiful to look at were a never-will-ripen variety. What to do with them? Of our twosome, only I liked cooked peaches. Oh, well, the house boasted of two good cookbooks. Peach conserve was decided on, as there were oranges, raisins and nuts in the larder and plenty of sugar. What with my patience, my neighbor-to-the-north's more experienced judgment, and time galore, at 9:17 p.m. the conserve was in its jars, looking fit for a contest at a State Fair—or perhaps The Peoples Church Bazaar! And at 9:30 I was again working on the Liberalist—the Mail Bag.

Oh, yes, another unexpected interruption had been the visit of the owner's brother-in-law, a kindly handyman in time of need, for he not only used the lawnmower, and weeded the flower garden, but helped to make some recalcitrant windows work better. As I type these lines I glance up at some of the most beautiful gladioli I have ever seen, plucked from "our" garden this morning. Yesterday a big fat bumble bee was enjoying them to the full, but today and tonight they have been ours to enjoy—creamy white with orange heart, pale butter yellow and a pink variety all mottled with a deeper hue, quite beyond description. Yes, I like Elmhurst! Perhaps all the more because several years ago we lived here and I had a private kindergarten all my own, with forty bright and interesting youngsters, whose thoughts and talents I tried to guide in progressive and useful ways.

Ah, yes, the Mail Bag:

* * *

The first letter bears the stamp of Canada, "Fee Spur Post Office, via

Armstrong, Ontario, Canada," and was written the 17th of March, to Mrs. Bradley. I picked it up from between two books on Dr. Bradley's desk, the day I left for my vacation. It was so pretty—a big green paper shamrock, tied with a pink paper bow. It had been sent for St. Patrick's day, and in a postscript the writer said "I'm a Catholic and I'm praying for your recovery. I'm Irish too. God bless you both. I often wanted to write and tell your husband how we enjoy our evenings with him on the radio, but I was too shy." And the letter said:

"My dear Mrs. Bradley:

"It's my good fortune to have the pleasure of listening to your husband nightly over the radio. Fee Spur, Ontario, is right up in the frozen north of Ontario. The wilderness, miles from everywhere, nothing here but lovely lakes, hills, and deep forests. But God's little footprints are very near in such beauty. Your husband is very dear to us up here in the extreme north of Canada. Very sincerely,—P.F."

As I read this letter from one of a differing faith, my mind reverted to a morning newspaper where I had seen the picture of that beautiful church to be dedicated at Mooseheart, Illinois, on August 20th, and these lines under the picture: "Mooseheart Church Ready for Dedication — Mooseheart (Ill.) children admire new $1,500,000 church for all faiths to be dedicated on Aug. 20. Dedication of church, called the House of God, will highlight the 62nd annual convention of the Loyal Order of Moose. Church features 110-foot 'Tower of Tolerance' housing one of the world's largest tubular bell carillons." Does anyone doubt, in spite of everything seemingly to the contrary in the world at large, that people are growing more tolerant — more brotherly?

* * *

The next letter was written a month later than the previous one, and is from Elgin, Ill., on an Izaak Walton League of America letterhead, Elgin Chapter, and the letter head bears this address: Clubhouse on Hastings Street at Poplar Creek:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"This letter is being written beside a babbling brook in the sunroom of a building you have been to several times. Looking out of the window a fellow sees this: It is Spring—the frogs told us so last Monday. You see the unfolding of the things of nature and you and a lot of us fellows know that nature tells us in the same manner every year. Yes, that building is at the end of Hastings Street in the City that gets its time from the stars.

"I listened over the radio this morning to a story and it was shocking. We listen to this same gentleman nearly every Sunday, along with the Catholic Hour and several others, although we are Protestants. The Cornish's (Ace Newell Cornish is the writer of this letter) came over in the Mayflower and we still believe as all of those people believed in the reason they came to this country. The man who preached this shocking sermon (and I hope it went from one end of the country to the other) is yourself.

"You probably remember a fellow who showed weed corsages in the National Flower Show about four years ago, as you and Mrs. Bradley expressed yourselves by saying what a fine hobby I had. I have been working on that same thing ever since, hoping that some day I could get in a position of proving what beautiful things grow in the out-of-doors. About two weeks ago I decided to bring them into the sunlight, though I knew they would be copied and this would take a lot of color from the story I planned so long ago. I make early Sunday morning

hikes (I start back home at 6 a.m.) It is the same set-up used by a colored man for years, in going into the out-of-doors early every morning, and you know his name and what he did for the people of the South. (Here the writer of course refers to the late George Washington Carver, the negro scientist.)

"I have improved and modernized sixty of these corsages of weeds, seed pods and cones from the weeds (scum of the earth) to show what anyone can find if he is a lover of nature. They are made from the things in the out-of-doors just around Elgin, and what a hobby it could be to any Boy Scout, 4-H Club boy or others, to trade weeds, seed pods and cones with other boys in other countries. It would cement a friendship and that, at this time, is what we are grasping for. If what I have made comes only from the weeds that grow around this city, then what is in the rest of the world! These things to my knowledge have never been shown in a National Flower Show except only once by myself four years ago.

"I am planning to give this all away. I could have it copyrighted and probably make a considerable amount of money out of it, but I am not that kind of fellow, and by doing this work I build up the lowest thing the Creator has made, and the thing I see so much beauty in.

"Men are destroying these things with chemicals. I am wondering what reaction the chemicals will have on the soil. I say the Lord put them here and everything on this earth has a place. I hope we as people, instead of destroying what the Creator made, and in the making of things to wear for the ladies in the corsages and hat trims will prove my point that in a lot of things we do not include the Lord.

"Women can wear a small bunch (made for people who cannot afford any more) or an elaborate corsage; or all the weeds, etc., that are made into corsages can be put on hat trims. Maybe a lot of Waltonians will want to wear a spray in their lapel to show they also are in sympathy with the veterans who will make them, and that they want to show their colors as boosters of the story of the out-of-doors.

"I already have on the way a set-up of the three veteran organizations: Disabled Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the American Legion; a set-up that will work the same as the Poppy on Armistice Day, this in no way to affect the Poppy. It will be a God-send to a veteran who has to sit or be propped up in bed to make these things, and some of the fellows who are able can get out and gather the material and when they get out maybe for the first time—well, nature does a lot of things to people who walk among these things. A good many people run right past these beautiful creations nowdays.

"I am displaying these corsages of weeds, etc., in a local store for the first time on the 24th for the public's approval.

"I have been a member of the American Legion for 32 consecutive years, been in Scouting for 16 years on our local Council. The picture of the First National Banquet that hangs before me is the picture I purchased a long time ago. I am a Charter member of the Elgin Chapter of Izaak Walton League, and at present am the Secretary. Respectfully yours, Ace Newell Cornish."

I remember well when Mrs. Bradley went with Dr. Bradley to the National Flower Show and how she came into the Study the next day and told me all about the beautiful corsages made of weeds which were on display by Mr. Cornish, and I thought you would be

interested in this different idea.

* * *

Here is a letter from way out West—Salt Lake City, Utah, the home of the Mormon Temple:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Upon receipt of The Liberalist this morning, I had a feeling that it would mean something special to me today, and I waited until my quiet hour to browse through it. And sure enough, your article on 'Love or Duty' lifted me out of a dissatisfied feeling I had had all morning.

"I knew I should not feel that way toward a young friend of mine, staying with us at present, for shirking what I felt were her duties toward us and I tried not to think of all the work to be done and just of the things I could do for the moment. It made me feel somewhat better, but not entirely as I wanted to feel, until I read your article.

"Yes, I am willing to go that second mile. It will not only bring happiness to others, but also to myself. It seems we need such reminders ever so often, to keep on the right road.

"I just had to let you know that with your wise counsel you have again helped someone.

"May God's blessing be with you always. Humbly yours, Clara Frecking."

* * *

I have just taken a letter from the Mail Bag which bears no address. It is from Mrs. G. Harold Smith, thanking Dr. Bradley for calling on her mother, telling of the passing of her husband since then. She enclosed a lovely poem, typical of her husband, which she said Dr. Gordon had dedicated to her husband at the service he had conducted for him—a very lovely thought with which to close our Mail Bag:

"Lord, let me bring a little mirth
To all who share my days on earth;
Let something I have said or done
Remain, when I have traveled on,
To prove the man I tried to be, and
Make friends glad they walked with me;
A flower, a smile, a word of cheer,
Make these my gifts from year to year.

"Lord, let me carry where I go
Some little joy to all I know.
Let these into my life be wrought—
A little faith, a little thought,
A little mirth, a little grace
To glorify the commonplace;
Lord, let some little kindness shine
To mark this earthly course of mine."

Do write. And—

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